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Sheridan, Richard Brinsley
Butler
St. Patrick's day
Original complete ed.

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1883



DICKS' STANDARD PLAYS.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.



ORIGINAL COMPLETE EDITION.—PRICE ONE PENNY.

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| 55. The Fair Penitent. | | 184. The Oak of Duenna. |
| 56. Two Gentlemen of Verona | | 185. The Turnpike Gate. |
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| 58. The Belle's Stratagem. | | 187. Miss in her Teens. |
| 59. Manfred. | | 188. The Twelfth Night. |
| 60. Rule a Wife & Have a Wife. | | 189. Lodoviska. |
| 61. Bertamu. | | 190. The Earl of Warwick. |
| 62. The Wheel of Fortune. | | 191. Fortune's Frolic. |
| 63. The Duke of Milan. | | |
| 64. The Good-Natured Man. | | |
| 65. King John. | | |
| | 124. Richard the Second. | |
| | 125. Siege of Belgrade. | |
| | 126. Samson Agonistes. | |
| | 127. The Maid of the Mill. | |
| | 128. One o'Clock. | |
| | 129. Who's the Dupe? | |



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COSTUME.

LIEUTENANT O'CONNOR.—*1st dress*: Scarlet coat—gray trousers—epaulettes—silk sash. *2nd dress*: (as Humphrey Hum): Long frock—red waistcoat—gray ribbed stockings—patch over the left eye. *3rd dress*: (as the German Doctor): Black coat—cloak at back—full black breeches—red stockings—scarlet flapped waist, figured with black—powered wig—long curls—cocked hat.

DOCTOR ROSY.—Old-fashioned suit of black, with ruffles.

JUSTICE CREDULOUS.—Figured velvet coat and waistcoat, lined—black velvet breeches—white stockings.

SERGEANT.—Scarlet coat—gray trousers—sash.

CORPORAL AND SOLDIERS.—Scarlet jackets—gray trousers, &c.

JOHN.—Green livery coat—scarlet waistcoat and breeches.

MRS. BRIDGET CREDULOUS.—Figured blue and brown silk dress—cap, trimmed with blue ribands.

LAURETTA.—White muslin, over a white satin slip, trimmed with white satin—pink sash.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R

RC

C.

LC.

L.

*** The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage facing the Audience.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter SERGEANT TROUNCE, CORPORAL FLINT, four Soldiers, Drummer and Fifer, with shamrocks in hats, R. U. E.

First S. (c.) I say you are wrong,—we should all speak together, each for himself, and all at once, that we may be heard the better.

Second S. (R. c.) Right, Jack, we'll argue in platoons, let him have our grievances in a volley; and if we be to have a spokesman, there's our corporal, he is the lieutenant's countryman, and knows his humour.

Cor. (R.) Let me alone for that. I served three years, within a bit, under his honour, in the Royal Inniskillens, and I never will see a sweeter-tempered gentleman, nor one more free with his purse. I put a great shamrock in his hat, this morning, and I'll be bound for him, he'll wear it, was it as big as Steven's Green.

Second S. I say again, then, you talk like youngsters, like militia striplings; there's a discipline, look'ee, in all things, whereof the sergeant must be our guide; besides, he's a gentleman of words.

Cor. Why, the sergeant is a scholar, to be sure, and has the gift of reading.

Ser. (L. c.) Good soldiers, and fellow-gentlemen; if you make me your spokesman, you will show the more judgment, and let me alone for the argument. I'll be as loud as a drum, and level to the point.

All. Agreed, agreed!

Cor. O, fait! here comes the lieutenant; now, sergeant—

Ser. So, then, to order,—look out your mutiny looks, let every man grumble a little to himself, and some of you hum the deserter's march.

Enter LIEUTENANT O'CONNOR, L.

Lie. (L.) Well, honest lads, what is it you have to complain of?

Omnès. Ahem! hem!

Ser. So please your honour, the very grievance of the matter is this:—Ever since your honour differed with Justice Credulous, our inn-keepers use us most scurvily. By my halbert, their treatment is such that, if our spirit was willing to put up with it, flesh and blood could by no means agree to it; so we humbly petition that your honour would make an end of the matter at once, by running away with the justice's daughter, or else get us fresh quarters, hem, hem!

Lie. Indeed! pray, which of the houses uses you ill?

Ser. There's the New Red Lion an't half the

civility the Old Red Lion had; and there's the White Horse deserves a halter, and if he wasn't case-hardened, ought to blush to show his face.

Lie. Very well; the Horse and Lion shall answer for it, at the quarter sessions.

Ser. The Two Magpies are civil enough, but the Angel uses us like the devil, and the Rising Sun refuses us light to go to bed by.

Lie. Indeed! then, upon my word, I'll have the Rising Sun put down, and the Angel shall give security for his good behaviour. But are you sure you do nothing to quit scores with them?

Cor. Nothing at all, your honour, unless now and then we happen to fling a cartridge into the kitchen fire, or put a spatterdash or so into the soup, and sometimes Ned drums up and downstairs a little, at night.

Lie. Oh, all that's fair; but hark'ee, lads, I must have no grumbling on St. Patrick's Day; so, here, take this (Gives a purse), and divide it amongst you. But observe me, now, show yourselves men of spirit, and don't spend sixpence of it in drink.

Ser. Nay, hang it, your honour, soldiers should never bear malice; we must drink St. Patrick's and your honour's health.

All. Oh, damn malice!

Cor. St. Patrick and his honour, by all means. Come away, then, lads; and first we'll parade round the market cross, for the honour of the king.

First S. St. Patrick and strong beer for ever. Thank your honour!

[Exeunt Soldiers, R.]

Lie. Get along, you thoughtless dogs.

Enter DOCTOR ROSY, L.

Ah! my little Doctor Rosy! my Galen abridg'd! what's the news?

Doc. (L. c.) All things are as they were; my Alexander, the justice, is as violent as ever: I felt his pulse on the matter again, and thinking his rage began to intermit, I wanted to throw in the bark of good advice, but it would not do. He says you and your cut-throats have a plot upon his life, and swears he had rather see his daughter in a scarlet fever, than in the arms of a soldier.

Lie. (c.) Upon my word, the army is very much obliged to him; well, then, I must marry the girl first, and ask his consent afterwards.

Doc. So, then, the case of her fortune is desperate, hey?

Lie. Oh, hang fortune! let that take its chance—there is a beauty in Lauretta's simplicity, so pure a bloom upon her charms—

Doc. So there is, so there is. You are for loveliness, as nature made her, hey? no artificial

graces, no cosmetic varnish, no beauty in grain, hey?

Lie. No, doctor; though I admire modesty in a woman, I like to see their faces. To be sure, bashfulness is a very pretty thing; but, in my mind, there is nothing on earth so impudent as an everlasting blush.

Doc. My taste, to a tittle—well, Lauretta is none of those—ah! I never see her but she reminds me of my poor dear wife.

Lie. Ay, faith! in my opinion, she can't do a worse thing. (*Aside.*) Now, he is going to bother me about an old hag that has been dead these seven years.

Doc. Oh, poor Dolly! I never shall see her like again—such an arm for a bandage, veins that seemed to invite the lancet! Then her skin, smooth and white as a gallipot; her mouth as round, and not larger, than the mouth of a penny vial. Her lips, conserve of roses—and then her teeth—none of your sturdy fixtures—ache as they would, it was but a pull, and out they came. I believe I have drawn half a score of her poor, dear pearls. (*Weeps.*) But what avails her beauty? Death has no consideration—one must die, as well as another.

Lie. (*Aside.*) Oh, if he begins to moralize—

(*Takes out his snuff-box.*)

Doc. Fair and ugly, crooked or straight, rich or poor, flesh is grass, flowers fade.

Lie. (*Offering snuff.*) Here, doctor, take a pinch of snuff—keep up your spirits.

Doc. True, true, my friend; grief can't mend the matter, all's for the best; but such a woman was a great loss, lieutenant.

Lie. To be sure; for doubtless she had mental accomplishments equal to her beauty.

Doc. Mental accomplishments! she would have stuffed an alligator, or pickled a lizard, with any apothecary's wife in the kingdom. Why, she could decipher a prescription, and substitute the ingredients, almost as well as myself; then she was such a hand at making foreign waters—for Seltzer, Soda, Priemont, Islington, or Chalybeate, she never had her equal; and her Bath and Bristol springs exceeded the originals. Ah, poor Dolly! she fell a martyr to her own discoveries.

Lie. How so, pray?

Doc. Poor soul! her illness was occasioned by her zeal in trying an improvement on the Spa-water, by an infusion of rum and acid.

Lie. Ay, ay; spirits never agree with water-drinkers.

Doc. No, no; you mistake. Rum agreed with her well enough, it was not the rum that killed the poor dear creature, for she died of a dropsy. Well, she is gone, never to return, and has left no pledge of our loves behind. No little babe to hang like a label round papa's neck! Well, well, we are all mortal—sooner or later flesh is grass—flowers fade.

Lie. Oh, the devil, again!

Doc. Life's a shadow, the world's a stage—we strut an hour—

Lie. Here, doctor.

(*Offers snuff.*)

Doc. True, true, my friend—well, high grief can't cure it. All's for the best, hey, Alexander?

Lie. Right, right; an apothecary should never be out of spirits. But come, faith! 'tis time honest Humphrey should wait on the justice; that must be our first scheme.

Doc. True, true, you should be ready; the clothes

are all at my house, and I have given you such a character, that he is impatient to have you; he swears you shall be his body guard. Well, I honour the army, or I should never do so much to serve you.

Lie. Indeed, I am bound to you for ever, doctor; and when once I'm possessed of my dear Lauretta, I will endeavour to make work for you as fast as I can.

Doc. Now you put me in mind of my poor wife again.

Lie. Ah, pray forget her a little, we shall be too late.

Doc. (*Sighing.*) Poor Dolly!

Lie. 'Tis past twelve.

Doc. (*Absorbed.*) Inhuman dropsy!

Lie. (*Impatiently.*) The justice will wait.

Doc. Cropped in her prime!

Lie. For heaven's sake, come.

Doc. Well, flesh is grass.

Lie. O, the devil!

Doc. Flowers fade!

Lie. Doctor—

[*Forces him off, L.*]

SCENE II.—A Chamber in Justice Credulous's House.

Enter LAURETTA and MRS. BRIDGET CREDULOUS, R.

Lau. (*R.*) I repeat it again, mamma, officers are the prettiest men in the world; and Lieutenant O'Conner is the prettiest officer I ever saw.

Mrs. C. (*L.*) For shame, Laura; how can you talk so? or if you must have a military man, there's Lieutenant Plough, or Captain Haycock, or Major Dray, the brewer, are all your admirers; and though they are peaceable good kind of men, they have as large cockades, and become scarlet as well as the fighting folks.

Lau. Psha! you know, mamma, I hate militia officers. No, give me the bold upright youth, who makes love one day, and has his head shot off the next. Dear me! to think how the sweet fellows sleep on the ground, and fight in silk stockings and lace ruffles.

Mrs. C. Oh, barbarous! to want a husband that may wed you in the morning, and may be absent the Lord knows where before night; then in a twelvemonth perhaps to have him come home like a Colossus, with one leg at New York, and the other at Chelsea Hospital.

Lau. Then I'll be his crutch, mamma.

Mrs. C. No; give me a husband that knows where his limbs are, and knows the use of them; or if he should take you with him, child—what a scene! to sleep in a baggage-cart, and stroll about the camp like a gipsy with a knapsack and two children at your back—then, by way of entertainment in the evening, to make a party with the sergeant's wife, to drink bohea tea, and play at all fours on a drumhead—'tis a precious life, to be sure!

Lau. Nay, mamma, you shouldn't be against my Lieutenant, for I heard him say you were the best-natured and best-looking woman in the world.

Mrs. C. Why, child, I never said but that Lieutenant O'Conner was a very well-bred and discerning young man—'tis your papa is so violent against him.

Lau. Why, cousin Sophy married an officer.

Mrs. C. Ay, Laury, an officer in the militia.

Lau. No, indeed, mamma; a marching regiment.

Mrs. C. No, child; I tell you he was a major in the Manchester militia.

Lau. Indeed, ma'am, it wasn't.

Enter JUSTICE CREDULOUS, L.

Jus. Bridget, my love, I have had a message.

Lau. It was cousin Sophy told me so, mamma.

Jus. I have had a message, my love.

Mrs. C. (c.) No, child, she could say no such thing.

Jus. (L.) A message, I say.

Lau. (R.) How could he be in the militia, when he was ordered abroad?

Jus. Why, Laura? (Crosses to c.)

Mrs. C. Ay, girl, hold your tongue—well, my dear.

Jus. I have had a message from Dr. Rosy.

Mrs. C. He ordered abroad, miss! he went abroad for his health.

Jus. Why, Bridget!

Mrs. C. Well, deary—now, hold your tongue, miss.

Jus. A message from Dr. Rosy, and Dr. Rosy says—

Lau. I'm sure, mamma, his regimentals—

Jus. Damn his regimentals! why don't you listen, hussy?

Mrs. C. Ay, girl, how durst you interrupt your papa?

Lau. Well, papa.

Jus. Dr. Rosy says he'll bring—

Lau. Were blue, turned up with red, mamma.

Jus. Laury—says he will bring the young man.

Mrs. C. Red and yellow, if you please.

Jus. Bridget—the young man that is to be hired.

Mrs. C. Besides, miss, it is very unbecoming in you to want to have the last word with your mamma—you ought to know—

Jus. (c.) Why, zounds! will you hear me or no?

Mrs. C. (L.) I am listening, my love, I am listening—but what signifies my silence? what good is my not speaking a word, if this girl will interrupt, and let her tongue run, and try for the last word, and let nobody speak but herself?—Ay, I don't wonder, my life, at your impatience; your poor dear lips quiver to speak, but I suppose she'll run on, and not let you put in a word—you may very well be angry, there is nothing in the world, sure, so provoking as a chattering, talking—chattering talking—

Lau. (R.) Nay, I'm sure, mamma, it is you will not let papa speak now.

Mrs. C. Why, your little provoking minx—

Jus. Get out of the room directly—both of you get out.

Mrs. C. Ay, go, girl.

Jus. Go, Bridget, you are worse than she, you old hag; I wish you were both up to the neck in the canal, to argue there till I took you out.

Enter JOHN, L.

John. Dr. Rosy, sir,

Jus. Show him up.

[Exit John, L.]

Lau. Then you own, mamma, it was a marching regiment?

Mrs. C. You're an obstinate fool, I tell you; for if that had been the case— (Crosses to Laura.)

Jus. (L.) You won't go?

Mrs. C. (c.) We are going, Mr. Surly—if that had been the case, I say, how could—

Lau. (R.) Nay, mamma, one proof—

Mrs. C. How could major—

Lau. And a full proof—

[Justice Credulous drives them off, R.]

Jus. There they go, dung donging for the day. Good luck! a fluent tongue is the only thing a mother don't like her daughter to resemble her in.

Enter DR. ROSY, L.

Well, doctor, where's the lad? where's Trnsty?

Doc. (L.) At hand; he'll be here in a minute, I'll answer for't; he's such a one as you au't met with, brave as a lion, gentle as a saline draught.

Jus. (R.) Ah, he comes in the place of a rogue, a dog that was corrupted by the Lieutenant. But this is a sturdy fellow, is he, doctor?

Doc. Ah, Hercules; and the best back-sword player in the country. Egad! he'll make the red-coats keep their distance.

Jus. O, the villains! this is St. Patrick's Day, and the rascals have been parading my house all the morning. I know they have a design upon me, but if this fellow does but prove faithful, I shall be more at ease.

Doc. Doubtless he'll be a comfort to you.

Enter JOHN, L.

John. There is a man below, sir, inquires for Dr. Rosy.

Doc. Show him up.

Jus. (Crossing to John.) Hold, a little caution—how does he look?

John. A country-looking fellow, your worship.

Jus. O, well, well, for Dr. Rosy: these rascals try all ways to get in here.

John. And please your worship, there was one here this morning wanted to speak to you: he said his name was Corporal Breakbones.

Jus. Corporal Breakbones!

Doc. Corporal Breakbones!

John. And Drummer Crackskull came again.

Doc. Drummer Crackskull!

Jus. Drummer Crackskull! ay, did you ever hear of such a daunted confounded crew?—Well, bring the lad in here.

[Exit John, L.]

Doc. Ah, he'll be your porter, he'll give the rogues an answer.

Re-enter JOHN, introducing LIEUTENANT O'CONNOR, disguised as Humphrey Hum.

Jus. So, a tall fellow—Efacks! what! has lost an eye?

Doc. Only a bruise he got in taking seven or eight highwaymen.

Jus. He has a damned wicked leer somehow with the other.

Doc. Oh, no, he's bashful—a sheepish look.

Jus. Well, my lad, what's your name?

Lie. (L.) Humphrey Hum.

Jus. (Aside, c.) Hum—I don't like Hum!

Lie. But I be mostly called Honest Humphrey.

Jus. Well, Honest Humphrey, the doctor has told you my terms, and you are willing to serve, eh?

Lie. And please your worship, I shall be well content.

Jus. Well, then, harkye, Honest Humphrey: you

are sure you will never be a rogue—never take a bribe, eh, Honest Humphrey?

Lie. A bribe! what's that?

Jus. (*Aside.*) A very ignorant fellow, indeed, not to know what a bribe is!

Doc. His worship hopes you will never part with your honesty for money, Humphrey.

Lie. Noa, noa!

Jus. Well said, Humphrey—my chief business with you is to watch the motions of a rake-helly fellow here, one Lieutenant O'Conner.

Doc. Ay, you don't value the soldiers, do you Humphrey?

Lie. Not I; they are but swaggerers, and you'll see they'll be as much afraid of me as they would of their captain.

Jus. And, i' faith, Humphrey! you have a pretty cudgel there.

Lie. Ay, the zwich is better than nothing; but I should be glad of a stouter—ha! you got such a thing in the house as an old coach-pole, or a spare bedpost?

Jus. Oons! what a dragon it is! Well, Humphrey, come with me. (*Crosses r.*) I'll just show him to Bridget, doctor, and we'll agree—come along, Honest Humphrey.

[*Exit, r.*]

Lie. My dear doctor, now remember, to bring the justice presently to the walk—I have a scheme to get into his confidence at once.

Doc. (*Shaking hands with him.*) I will—I will.

Re-enter JUSTICE CREDULOUS, R.

Jus. Why, Honest Humphrey—hey! (*Sees them shaking hands.*) What the devil are you at?

Doc. I was just giving him a little advice—well, I must go for the present—good morning to your worship. (*Crosses L.*) You need not fear the Lieutenant while he is in your house.

Jus. Well, get in, Humphrey. Good morning to you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor, L.*] Come along, Humphrey. [*Exit, Humphrey following.*] Now I think I am a match for the Lieutenant and all his gag—ha, ha! a spare bed-post, eh? Ha, ha!

[*Exit, r., laughing.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Street.

SERGEANT TROUNCE, DRUMMER, FIFER, and SOLDIERS, discovered.

Ser. Come, silence your drum—there is no valour stirring to-day—I thought St. Patrick would have given us a recruit or two to-day.

Sol. Mark, sergeant.

Enter TWO COUNTRYMEN.

Ser. Oh! these are the lads I was looking for—they have the looks of gentlemen. Arn't you single, my lads?

First C. Yes, and please you, I be quite single,—my relations be all dead, thank heavens, more or less. I have but one poor mother left in the world, and she's an helpless woman.

Ser. Indeed! a very extraordinary case—quite your own master, then—the fitter to serve his Majesty—can you read?

First C. Noa; I was always too lively to take to learning: but John here is a main clever at it.

Ser. So, what, you're a scholar, friend?

Second C. I was born so, master. Feyther kept grammar school.

Ser. Lueky man! in a campaign or two, put yourself down chaplain to the regiment. And I warrant, you have read of warriors and heroes.

Second C. Yes, that I have; I have read of Jack the Giant Killer, and the Dragon of the Wantly, and the—noa, I believe that's all in the hero way, except once about a comet.

Ser. Wonderful knowledge! Well, my heroes, I write word to the king of your good intentions, and meet me half an hour hence at the Two Magpies.

Both. We will, your honour, we will.

Ser. But stay, for fear I should n't see you again in the crowd, clap these little bits of ribbon into your hats.

First C. Our hats are none of the best.

Ser. Well, meet me at the Magpies, and I'll give you money to buy new ones.

Both. Bless your honour, thank your honour!

Ser. (*Winking at Soldiers.*) Jack [Exit.

[*Reunt Soldiers.*]

Enter LIEUTENANT, R., disguised as Humphrey Hum.

Ser. Stop, friend, will you list?

Lie. Who shall I serve under?

Ser. Under me, to be sure.

Lie. Isn't Lieutenant O'Conner your officer?

Ser. He is, and I am commander over him.

Lie. What! be your sergeants greater than your captains?

Ser. To be sure, we are; 'tis our business to keep them in order. For instance, now, the general writes to me "Dear sergeant," or "Dear Trounce," or "Dear Sergeant Trounce, if your lieutenant does not demean himself accordingly, let me know. Yours to command, General De'age."

Lie. And do you complain of him often?

Ser. No, hang him; the lad is good-natured at bottom, so I pass over small things. But hark'ee, between ourselves, he is most confoundedly given to wenching.

Enter CORPORAL, L.

Cor. Please your honour, the doctor is coming this way, with his worship. We are all ready, and have our cues.

Lie. Then, dear Trounce, or dear Sergeant, or dear Sergeant Trounce, take yourself away.

Ser. Zounds! the Lieutenant—I smell the black hole already.

[*Exit, r.—Lieutenant walks about listening.*]

Enter JUSTICE and DOCTOR, L.

Jus. I thought I saw some of the cut-throats.

Doc. I fancy not, there's no one but honest Humphrey. Ha! ods, life! here comes some of them, we'll stand aside, and let them pass.

Jus. Oh, the bloody-looking dogs. (*They retire up, c.*)

Enter CORPORAL, and two Soldiers, R. C. E.

Cor. Hold, friend; do you serve Justice Credulous?

Lie. I do.

Cor. Are you rich?

Lie. No.

Cor. Nor ever will be, with that old stingy booby; look here, take it. *(Gives him a purse.)*

Lie. What must I do for this?

Cor. Mark me: our lieutenant is in love with the old rogue's daughter, help us to break his worship's bones, and carry off the girl, and you are a made man.

Lie. I'll see you hanged first, you pack of scurvy villains! *(Throws down the purse.)*

Cor. What, sirrah, are you mutinous? Lay hold of him.

Lie. Nay, then, I'll try your armour for you.

(Beats them off, R. U. E.)

All. Oh, oh! quarter, quarter!

(Exeunt Soldiers, R. U. E.)

Jus. *(Justice and Doctor come forward.)* Trim them, trim them! trounce them! break their bones! honest Humphrey. What a spirit he has, doctor.

Doc. Aquafortis.

Lie. Betray master, indeed!

Doc. What a miracle of fidelity!

Jus. Ay, and it shall not go unrewarded—I'll give him sixpence on the spot. Here, honest Humphrey, there's for yourself; as for this bribe *(Takes up the purse)*, such trash is best in the hands of justice. Now then, doctor, I think I may trust him to guard the women; while he is with them, I may go out with safety.

Doc. Doubtless you may, I'll answer for the lieutenant's behaviour, while honest Humphrey is with your daughter.

Jus. Ay, ay; she shall go no where without him. *(Crosses, R., with Doctor Rosy.)* Come along, honest Humphrey. How rare it is to meet with such a servant!

(Exeunt, the Doctor and Lieutenant making signs.)

SCENE II.—A Garden.—A garden seat, R.

Enter LAURETTA, L., meeting JUSTICE CREDULOUS, R.

Jus. Why, you little truant, how durst you wander so far from the house, without my leave; do you want to invite that scoundrel lieutenant to scale the walls and carry you off.

Lau. *(L.)* Lud, papa! you are so apprehensive about nothing.

Jus. *(R.)* What, hussey?

Lau. Well, then, I can't bear to be shut up all day so like a nun. I am sure it is enough to make one wish to be run away with—and I wish I was run away with—I do—I wish the lieutenant knew it.

Jus. You do, do you, hussey? Well, I think I'll take pretty good care to prevent that. Here, Humphrey!

Enter LIEUTENANT O'CONNOR, still as Humphrey.

Jus. I leave this lady in your care. Now you may walk about the garden, Miss Pert, but Humphrey shall go with you, wherever you go. So mind, honest Humphrey, I am obliged to go abroad for a little while, let no one but yourself come near her; don't be shame-faced, you booby, but keep close to her. And now, miss, let your lieu-

tenant, or any of his crew, come near you if they can.

(Exit L.—Lieutenant crosses, L., watching Justice off.)

Lau. How the booby stares after him. *(Sits.)*

Lie. *(Going up to Lauretta.)* Lauretta!

Lau. Not so free, fellow.

Lie. Lauretta, look on me.

Lau. *(Turning her head from him.)* Don't interrupt me, booby.

Lie. No recollection!

Lau. Honest Humphrey, be quiet.

Lie. *(Removing the patch from his eye.)* Have you forgot your faithful soldier?

Lau. *(Discovering the Lieutenant.)* Ah! *(Rising.)* Oh, preserve me!

Lie. *(L.)* 'Tis I, my soul! you truest slave; passing on your father, in this disguise.

Lau. *(R.)* Well, now, I declare this is charming!—you are so disguised, my dear lieutenant, I am sure no one will find you out, and you do look so delightfully ugly. *(Laughing.)* Ha, ha, ha! you know I am under your protection, papa charged you to keep close to me.

Lie. True, my angel; and thus let me fulfil—

Lau. Oh, pray, now, dear Humphrey—

Lie. Nay, 'tis but what old Mitimus commanded. *(Offers to kiss her.)*

Enter JUSTICE CREDULOUS, L.

Jus. Stay, Laury, my dear— Hey! what the devil's here?

Lau. Oh, mercy!

Jus. Your humble servant, honest Humphrey—don't mind me—pray don't let me interrupt you.

Lau. Lud, papa! now, that's so good-natured. *(Crosses c.)* Indeed, there's no harm—you did not mean any harm, did you, Humphrey?

Lie. No, indeed, miss, his worship knows it is not in me.

Jus. I know that you are a lying, canting, hypocritical scoundrel; and if you don't take yourself out of my sight—

Lau. Indeed, papa, now I'll tell you how it was—I was somehow taken with a sudden giddiness, and Humphrey, seeing me begin to totter, ran to my assistance, quite frightened, poor fellow, and took me in his arms.

Jus. Oh, poor fellow, was that all?—nothing but a little giddiness, eh! She has been troubled with a giddiness all her life.

Lie. That's all, indeed, your worship; for seeing miss change colour, I ran up instantly.

Jus. Oh, 'twas very kind of you!

Lie. And luckily recovered her.

Jus. And who made you a doctor, you impudent rascal, eh? Get out of my sight, I say, this instant! or by all the statutes—

(Crosses c., to Lieutenant.)

Lau. *(L.)* Oh, now, papa, you frighten me, and I am giddy again—oh, help, help!

Lie. Oh, dear lady, she'll fall.

(Crosses, and takes her into his arms.)

Jus. Zounds! what, before my face—why, then, thou mirror of impudence. *(Lays hold of his wig, which comes off, and discovers him.)* Mercy on me! who have we here? Murder!—robbery!—fire!—rape!—John!—Susan!—Bridget—

Lie. Good sir, don't be alarmed; I intend you no harm.

Jus. Thieves! robbers! soldiers!

Lie. You know my love for your daughter.

Jus. Fire! cut-throats!

Lie. And that alone—

Jus. Treason! gunpowder!

Enter Two Servants, R. S. E., with fire-arms.

Jus. (Taking a blunderbuss from one.) Now, scoundrel, let her go this instant.

(Points the blunderbuss at the Lieutenant, who runs behind Lauretta.)

Lau. O, papa, you'll kill me.

Jus. Honest Humphrey, be advised.—Ay, miss, this way, if you please.

Lie. (Peeping over Lauretta's shoulder.) Nay, sir, but hear me.

Jus. I'll shoot.

Lie. And you'll be convinced—

Jus. I'll shoot.

Lie. How very injurious.

Jus. I'll shoot. Take her away. (To Servants.) And so, your humble servant, honest Humphrey Hum.

[*Exeunt Laura and Servants, R.—Justice and Lieutenant, L.*]

SCENE III.—A Street.

Enter DOCTOR ROSY, L.

Doc. Well, I think my friend is now in a fair way of succeeding. Ah, I warrant he is full of hope and fear, doubt and anxiety; truly, he has the fever of love strong upon him; faint, peevish, languishing all day, with burning restless nights. Ah! just my case when I first pined for my poor dear Dolly. When she used to have her daily cholics, that her little doctor might be sent for, then would I interpret the language of her pulse, declare my own sufferings in my recipes to her, send her a pearl necklace in a pill-box, or a cordial draught with an acrostic on the label. Well those days are over,—no happiness lasting, all is vanity,—now sunshine, now cloudy; we are, as it were, kings and peasants, then what avails—

Enter LIEUTENANT O'CONNOR, L.

Lie. (L.) O, doctor! ruined and undone!

Doc. (R.) The pride of beauty—

Lie. I am discovered, and—

Doc. The gaudy palace—

Lie. The justice is—

Doc. The pompous wig—

Lie. Is more enraged than ever—

Doc. The gilded cane—

Lie. Why, doctor!

(Slapping him on the shoulder.)

Doc. Hey!

Lie. Confound your morals! I tell you I am discovered, discomfited, disappointed, distressed, and distracted!

Doc. Indeed! your luck, to think of the instability of human affairs—nothing certain in this world—most deceived when most confident—fools of fortune all!

Lie. (L.) My dear doctor, I want at present a little practical wisdom—I am resolved this instant to try the scheme we were going to put in execution last week—I have the letter ready, and only want your assistance to recover my ground.

Doc. (R.) With all my heart—I'll warrant you I'll bear a part in it—but how the deuce were you discovered?

Lie. I'll tell you as we go, there's not a moment to be lost.

Doc. (Crosses L.) Heaven send we succeed better—but there's no knowing.

Lie. (R.) Very true.

Doc. (L.) We may, and we may not.

Lie. Right.

Doc. Time must show.

Lie. Certainly.

Doc. We are but blind guessers.

Lie. Nothing more.

Doc. Thick-sighted mortals.

Lie. Remarkably.

Doc. Wandering in error.

Lie. Even so.

Doc. Futurity is dark—

Lie. As a cellar.

Doc. Men are moles—

[*Lieutenant O'Conner forces him out, L. while he is speaking.*]

SCENE IV.—A Chamber in Justice Credulous's House—large arm chair—table—pen, ink, and paper.

Enter JUSTICE and MRS. CREDULOUS, L.

Jus. (R.) Odds life, Bridget! you are enough to make one mad; I tell you he would have deceived a chief justice, the dog seemed as ignorant as my clerk, and talked of honesty as if he had been a churchwarden.

Mrs. C. (L.) Pooh! nonsense, honesty! What had you to do, pray, with honesty? A fine business you have made of it with your Humphrey Hum, truly and truly; and miss, too, she must have been privy to it. Lauretta! ay, you would have her called so, but for my part, I never knew any good come of giving girls these heathen Christian names; if you had called her Deborah, or Tabitha, or Ruth, or Rebecca, nothing of this had ever happened; but I always knew Lauretta was a runaway name.

Jus. Psha! you're a fool.

Mrs. C. No, Mr. Credulous, it is you who are a fool, and no one but such a simpleton would be so imposed on.

Jus. Why, zounds, madam! how durst you talk so? If you have no respect for your husband, I should think unus quorum might command a little defence.

Mrs. C. Don't tell me—unus fiddlestick! you ought to be ashamed to show your face at the sessions; you'll be a laughing-stock to the whole bench, and a by-word with all the pig-tailed attorneys and big-wig'd lawyers.

Jus. Is this language for his Majesty's representative? By the statutes, it's high treason, and petty treason, both at once.

Enter JOHN, with a letter, L.

John. A letter for your worship.

Jus. Who brought it?

John. A soldier.

Jus. Take it away and bury it.

Mrs. C. Stay, stay—now you're in such a hurry—it is some canting scrawl from the Lieutenant, I suppose—let me see. (Takes the letter.) Ay, 'tis signed Lieutenant O'Conner.

Jus. Well—come, read it out.

Mrs. C. (Reads.) "Revenge is sweet."

Jus. It begins so, does it? I'm glad of that—I'll let the dog know I'm of his opinion.

Mrs. C. (Reads.) "And though disappointed of my designs upon your daughter, I have still the satisfaction of knowing I'm revenged on her unnatural father, for this morning, in your chocolate, I had the pleasure to administer to you a dose of poison."—Mercy on us!

Jus. No tricks, Bridget; come, you know it is not so—you know it is a lie.

Mrs. C. Read it yourself. (*Gives him the letter.*)

Jus. (Reads.) "Pleasure to administer a dose of poison"—Oh, horrible—cut-throat villain—Bridget.

Mrs. C. (Takes the letter.) Lovee, stay, here's a postscript. "N.B. 'Tis not in the power of medicine to cure you." Oh, oh, oh!

Jus. Odds my life! Bridget, why don't you call for help?—I've lost my voice—my brain is giddy—I shall burst, and no assistance. John! Laury! John!

Mrs. C. You see, my lovee, what you have brought upon yourself.

Enter JOHN, L.

John. Your worship.

Jus. Stay, John, did you perceive anything in my chocolate-cup this morning?

John. Nothing, your worship, unless it was a little black grounds.

Jus. Ay, arsenic, black arsenic. Why don't you run for Dr. Rosy, you rascal?

John. Now, your worship?

Mrs. C. Oh, lovee, you may be sure it is in vain; let him go for the lawyer, to witness your will, my life.

Jus. Zounds! go for the doctor, you scoundrel! You are all confederate murderers!

John. Oh, here he is, your worship.

[*Exit, L.*]

Jus. Now, Bridget, hold your tongue, and let me see if my horrid situation be apparent.

(*Mrs. Credulous gets round to R.*)

Enter DOCTOR ROSY, L.

Doc. I have but just called to inform—hey! bless me! what's the matter with your worship?

Jus. There, he sees it already—poison in my face, in capitals. Yes, yes, I'm a sure job for the undertakers.

Mrs. C. Alas! oh, doctor!

Jus. Peace, Bridget. Why, doctor, my dear old friend, do you really see any change in my face?

Doc. Changel never was man so altered; how came these black spots on your nose?

Jus. Spots on my nose!

Doc. And that wild stare in your right eye—ay, and alack, alack! how you are swelled!

Jus. (C.) Swelled!

Doc. (L.) Ay, don't you think he is, madam?

Mrs. C. (R.) Oh, 'tis in vain to conceal it—indeed, lovee, you are as big again as you were this morning.

Jus. Yes, I feel it now—I'm poisoned. Doctor, help me, for the love of justice—give me life to see my murderer hanged!

Doc. What!

Jus. I'm poisoned, I say.

Doc. Speak out.

Jus. What, can't you hear me?

Doc. Your voice is so low and hollow, as it were, I can't hear a word you say.

Jus. I'm gone, then, hic jacet (*sinks into the arm-chair*), many years one of his majesty's justices.

Mrs. C. (Gives a letter.) Read, Doctor—ah, lovee, the will—consider, my life, how soon you will be dead.

Jus. No, Bridget, I shall die by inches.

Doc. I never heard such monstrous iniquity!

Oh, you're gone, indeed, my friend—the mortgage of your little bit of clay is up, and the sexton has nothing to do but to close. We must all go, sooner or later—high and low—death's a debt, his mandamus binds all alike—no bail, no demurrer.

Jus. Silence, Dr. Croaker, will you cure me or will you not?

Doc. Alas, my friend, it is not in my power, but I'll certainly see justice done on your murderer.

Jus. I thank you, my dear friend, but I had rather see it myself.

Doc. Ay, but if you recover, the villain will escape.

Mrs. C. Will he? Then, indeed, it would be a pity you should recover—I am so enraged against the villain, I can't bear the thought of his escaping the halter.

Jus. That's very kind, my dear, but if it's the same thing to you, I had as soon recover, notwithstanding. What, doctor, no assistance?

Doc. Etacks! I can do nothing; but there's the German quack whom you wanted to send from town—I met him at the next door, and I know he has antidotes for all poisons.

Jus. Fetch him, my dear friend, fetch him—I'll get him a diploma if he cures me.

Doc. Well, there's no time to be lost—you continue to swell immensely.

[*Exit, L.*]

Mrs. C. What, my dear, will you submit to be cured by a quack nostrum-monger!—For my part, much as I love you, I had rather follow you to your grave, than see you owe your life to any but a regular-bred physician.

Jus. I'm sensible of your affection, my dearest, and believe me, nothing consoles me in my present melancholy situation, so much as the thoughts of leaving you behind, my angel.

Enter DOCTOR ROSY and LIEUTENANT O'CONNOR, disguised as a Quack, L.

Doc. Great luck, met him passing by the door.

Lie. Metto dowsei pulsum.

Doc. He desires me to feel your pulse.

Jus. Can't he speak English?

Doc. Not a word.

Lie. Palio vivem mortem sonnem.

Doc. He says you have not above six hours to live.

Jus. Oh, mercy! does he know my distemper?

Doc. I believe not.

Jus. Tell him 'tis arsenic they have given me.

Doc. Geneable illi arsnecca.

Lie. Pisonatus.

Jus. What does he say?

Doc. He says that you are poisoned.

Jus. We know that, but what will be the effect?

Doc. Quid effectum?

Lie. Diable tantalem.

Doc. He says you'll die presently.

Jus. Oh, horrible! what, no antidote?

Lie. Curum bonum fullum.

Jus. What does he say—I must row in a boat to Fulham?

Doc. He says he'll undertake to cure you for three thousand guineas.

Mrs. C. Three thousand halters! no, lovee, you

shall never submit to such impositions—die at once, and be a customer to none of them.

Jus. I won't die, Bridget—I don't like death.

Mrs. C. B'ha! there is nothing in it—a moment, and it is over.

Jus. Ay, but it leaves a numbness behind, that lasts a plaguy long time.

Enter LAURETTA, R.

Lau. O, my dear papa, what is it I hear?

[*Goes to him, R. H.*]

Lie. Quidam scominam deos tollam rusam.

Doc. The doctor is astonished at the sight of your fair daughter.

Jus. How so?

Lie. Damsellum liven even visilbani.

Doc. He says that he has long lost his heart to her, and that if you will give him leave to pay his addresses to the lady, and promise your consent to the union, if he should gain her affections, he will, on those conditions, cure you instantly, without fee or reward.

Jus. The devil! did he say all that in so few words? What a fine language it is. Well, I agree, if he can prevail on the girl (*Aside.*), and that I am sure he never will.

Doc. Agreed!

Lie. Writhum bothum.

(*Pointing to pen and ink.*)

Doc. He says you must give this under your hand, while he writes you a miraculous receipt.

(*Brings down table, R. C.—Lieutenant crosses behind to R. C. and writes.*)

Jus. (*Writing.*) There doctor, there's what he requires.

(*Gives the paper to the Doctor, who hands it to the Lieutenant.*)

Doc. (*Giving the Justice a written paper.*) And here's the receipt: read it yourself.

Jus. Hey! what's here? plain English.

Doc. Read it out,—a wondrous nostrum, I'll answer for it.

(*While the Justice reads, the Lieutenant throws off his disguise.*)

Jus. (*Reads.*) "In reading this you are cured, by your affectionate son-in-law, O'Conner." Who the deuce is this?

Mrs. C. O, monstrous imposition!

Jus. In the name of Beelzebub and his brethren! whom have we here?

Lie. Lieutenant O'Conner, at your service, sir, and your faithful servant, honest Humphrey!

Mrs. C. (*L.*) So, so, another trick.

Jus. Out of my sight, varlet! I'll be off the bargain, I'll be poisoned again, and you'll be hanged.

Doc. Come, come, my dear friend, don't put yourself in a passion; a man just escaped from the jaws of death should not be so violent: come, come, make a merit of necessity, and let your blessing join those whom nothing on earth can keep asunder.

Jus. I'll not do it—I'll sooner die, and have my fortune go to Bridget.

Mrs. C. To be sure! O, my conscience! I'd rather you should die, and leave me ten estates, than consent to such a thing.

Jus. You had, had you? Hark'ee, Bridget, you behaved so affectionately just now that I'll never follow your advice again, while I live. So, Mr. Lieutenant—

(*Crosses to Lieutenant.*)

Lie. Sir.

Jus. You are an Irishman, and an officer, an't you?

Lie. I am, sir; and proud of both.

Jus. Well, if you will forswear your country, and quit the army—I'll receive you as my son-in-law.

Lie. Mr. Justice, if you were not the father of my Lauretta, I'd pull your nose for mentioning the first, and break your bones for proposing the latter.

Jus. He's likely to prove a very affectionate son-in-law, truly! Here, Lauretta, you're a sly, tricking little baggage, and I believe no one so fit to manage you, as my honest friend, here, Humphrey Hum! (*Joins their hands, and crosses behind to Bridget.*) Who is the most impudent dog I ever saw.

Lie. I thank you, sir, for with such a gift every word is a compliment.

Mrs. C. Come, then, since everything is settled, I give my consent; and this day's adventure, love, will be a good scolding subject for you and me, these ten years.

Jus. So it will, my dear, though we are never much at a loss.

Doc. Come, I insist on one day, without wrangling. The captain shall give us a dinner at the Two Magpies, and your worship shall put every man in the stocks who is sober at eight o'clock!—So, joy to you, my little favourite—and I wish she may make just such a wife as my poor Dolly.

Disposition of the Characters at the Fall of the Curtain.

LAU.

LIE.

DOC.

JUS.

MRS. C.

E.

L.

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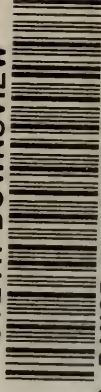
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